

## Goddess So Black That Photograph Hides Her



—Photos by Foster.

## JOHN MARSHALL

We are glad to see you, John Marshall, my boy,  
So fresh from the chisel of Rogers;  
Go take your stand on the monument there,  
Along with the other old codgers:  
With Washington, Jefferson, Henry and such,  
Who staked with a great transgression,  
In their old-fashioned notions of freedom and right,  
And their hatred of wrong and oppression.  
You come rather late to your pedestal, John,  
Far, sooner you ought to have been here;  
For the volume you hold is no longer the law,  
And this is no longer Virginia.  
The old Marshall law you expounded of yore  
Is now not at all to the purpose,  
And the martial law of the new brigadier  
Is stronger than habeas corpus.  
So keep you the volume shut with care,  
For the days of the law are over,  
And it needs all your brass to be holding it there  
With "Justice" inscribed on the cover.  
Could life awaken the limb of bronze

And blaze in the burnished eye,  
What would ye do with your movement of life,  
Ye men of the days gone by?  
Would ye chide us or pity us, blush or weep,  
Ye men of the days gone by?  
Would Jefferson tear up the scroll he holds,  
That time has proven a lie?  
And Marshall shut the volume of law,  
And lay it down with a sigh?  
Would Mason roll up the Bill of Rights  
From a race unworthy to scan it?  
And Henry dash down the eloquent sword  
And clank it against the granite?  
And Washington, seated in massy strength,  
On the charger that paws the air,  
Could he see his sons in their deep disgrace,  
Would he ride so proudly there?  
He would get him down from his big brass horse  
And cover his face at our shame.  
For the land of his birth is now "District One"—  
Virginia was once the name!

INNES RANDOLPH.

## Tar-Baby Lady Just Keeps on Shining

Everybody had a look at the tar-baby on the Washington Monument yesterday, and everybody with an artistic temperament said things. They never had seen a goddess look so black just because she had been smeared with olive oil, but that olive oil was not the kind that you would throw into a pepper sandwich. It was mixed with something horribly black, and the goddess fairly glistened in the sunlight. George Mason, at whose feet she sits, turned his face over toward the Governor's Mansion and fortunately did not have to gaze upon her. High up above all sat George Wash-

ington on his prancing horse, with his face turned toward the Capitol Building and his fingers pointing toward the penitentiary. That peculiar pose of hand and head probably never appealed to the artistic temperament so much as it did yesterday.

## "Huddling Off the Green."

Many stories were recalled by the eight-hour-a-day artist who was employed to do the daubing. For instance, it was stated that the figure of Mr. Washington's horse was cast from some old Turkish cannon that doubtless guarded the harem once upon a time. Somebody else sug-

gested the disturbance which was created when the State authorities were urged to rub "off the green" which fell upon the graceful folds of those garments worn by the departed heroes, now immortalized in bronze. And then somebody else recalled that at the request of somebody else in authority a representative of a New York establishment had come here a few years ago by request to see what could be done "about getting rid of that discoloration," meaning the gorgeous tones. What the New York man said after he had got a whole lot of profanity out of his system was that there was no such fine bronze this side east or west of Pompeii. The thought of scraping off that magnificent tinge almost drove him mad.

## Henry Clay Got Seared.

Custodian Richardson, through whose orders the painters began work behind the iron fence which fortunately separated them from an outraged public, did not have a great deal to say yesterday about his painting proposition, though he will be heard from later, it is said. Governor Swann was out of town, and in his absence he was warmly commended. But what worried the thousands of people who have seen the tar-baby is the question of getting her green again. There does not seem to be any immediate hope. She is the most precious of bronzes, a goddess that ever

On either side of her are other goddesses, with the right color. They haven't filed any protest; neither has the painted lady. Across the park benches Henry Clay stood serene in his evening clothes of white, fearing, it would seem, that somebody with a paint brush might slip there in the night and adorn him with a red and green waistcoat which would make Bathhouse John of Chicago drop dead of jealousy—if John hasn't dropped heretofore.

Those who stood by and offered suggestions thought that Mr. Clay should at least be provided with a black coat and "a pair of pink pants," to say nothing of a couple of buff spats.

Even Houdon's Washington, in the rotunda of the Capitol, "silvered" at the thought of grubby reindeer that might make it resemble a barber shop signpost.

## To Paint Horse Sorel.

Getting back closer to the real monument, the crowd discussed the matter and agreed that Mr. Washington's horse ought to be a bay or a sorrel, as it would provide a color scheme, or what is so often mentioned as the color scheme by society writers, who revel madly in adjectives and words. They agreed, again, that any first-rate haberdasher might suggest the real Fifth Avenue effect for the heroes who stood guard over the goddesses, including the one with the

daub.

Even those who didn't know anything about bronze took a fling at the Old Dominion for permitting the discoloration. Then the crowd agreed some more, and thought the proper effect would be there if the painted goddess could be supplied with a pepper sandwich, the olive oil for which she might easily scrape from her tar-like cheeks.

## BOY, FATAALLY INJURED, IS FOUND AT FOOT OF QUARRY

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.] CHARLOTTE, N. C., July 9.—George Grandy, the thirteen-year-old son of Joseph D. Grandy, was found in an unconscious condition this afternoon near the rock quarry with his skull fractured, dying to-night at the Presbyterian Hospital. How he met death is unknown, and his ten-year-old companion, Richard Johns, is unable to explain. The lad was found in an abandoned shaft of the quarry, and whether he fell and sustained the fatal injuries or was murdered is the question the police are endeavoring to solve without a clue to work upon.

New Features at Park. Many attractive features will be provided at the entertainment by the Home for Incurables at the baseball park to-night, including the "West End Angels" and the violin quartet,

## Mid-Summer Clearing Sale!

What is left of our Spring and Summer stock of Hand-Tailored Clothing, Haberdashery and Hats will go on sale July 10th, 1909.

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\$3 and \$3.50 Negligee Shirts,	\$2.25

50c and \$1 Neckwear,	35c
\$1.50 Neckwear,	85c

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\$3.50, \$4 and \$5 Hats,	\$2.75
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## ACQUIT TAGGART IN GINGLES CASE

CHICAGO, ILL., July 9.—To clear his name of any cloud which may have been cast upon it by the sensational testimony of Ella Gingles, the eighteen-year-old Irish lacemaker, Thomas Taggart, went on the witness stand to-day in Judge Brennan's court.

As a preliminary to his testimony Mr. Taggart stated that he had lived in Indiana for thirty-five years; that he was married, and that he had been in the hotel business at French Lick Springs for a great many years.

Exonerated Taggart. "I have been Mayor of Indianapolis," chairman of the Democratic National Committee and president of a street railway company," the witness continued. He said that Miss Barrette, complainant in this case, had worked as a maid for a man by the name of Gibson at French Lick, and that when Gibson sold out he (Taggart) rented to her the apartments in one of his hotels.

"Did you ever hear anything against her character?" he was asked.

This started a wrangle, in the midst

of which Attorney O'Donnell made a formal statement exonerating Mr. Taggart in every particular, saying: "I want it distinctly understood that Mr. Taggart's name was brought into this case over my protest. We have proof that Miss Gingles never was acquainted with Mr. Taggart, and his name was mentioned only indirectly to her."

## His Testimony.

The interrogation of the witness as to Miss Gingles was brief.

"So you know Miss Gingles?" asked Attorney Short.

"I do not."

Miss Gingles's eyes were glued on the witness as he spoke.

"Do you know of any branch of the 'white slave' clique that has its headquarters at French Lick?" asked Mr. Short.

"What is 'white slave'?" Mr. Taggart inquired.

The definition being given, Mr. Taggart replied: "No, sir."

Mr. O'Donnell again took the witness.

"Mr. Taggart, who first injected your name in this case?"

"I don't know."

Mr. Short accused Mr. O'Donnell of having given out statements to the papers, using Taggart's name.

"I did not," replied Mr. O'Donnell hotly.

Physician on Stand. Dr. H. A. Watson, house physician

of the Wellington Hotel, was then put on the stand. He was called to the Wellington Hotel bathroom when Miss Gingles was found there.

"When I reached the room," said the physician, "I saw the girl lying on the floor. Her knees were tied to the bath tub and her hands were bound together, and also to a leg of the tub."

"What was her condition?"

"She was hysterical, but not unconscious. The pupils of her eyes showed that she had not been drugged and she was conscious. I examined her, but no evidence of an attack, save a few slight scratches."

Dr. Watson was called upon to identify some strings which he said were used to bind Miss Gingles. Miss Barrette laughed aloud when Mr. Short held up the strings, which were about an eighth of an inch thick. The trial was then adjourned until Monday, as Judge Brennan had received word that a brother of one of the jurors had died.

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